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HEADS WILL HANG ON TREES FROM ODESSA TO PETERSBURG SAYS JOUBERT

LONDON, July 5.—"Emperor Nicholas II. is the last of his race. Not a Romanoff will survive this revolution." Thus boldly prophesies Carl Joubert, who has written much on Russia and has just returned from there. He adds in an interview to-day:

"From the Baltic to the Black Sea, Russia is mad—mad with misgovernment, brutality and hunger. When 140,000,000 are mad together there can be no peace. From one end to the other of Russia there is butchery, bloodshed. But very soon there will be scenes there to which those in the French revolution could compare for horror.

"From Odessa to St. Petersburg heads will hang on trees. The mutiny in the Black Sea is only part of the general revolution."

PRESENT ROOSEVELT AND CABINET ATTEND FUNERAL OF SECRETARY HAY AT CLEVELAND

BUSINESS OF THE CITY SUSPENDED

SECRETARY HAY'S FAVORITE POEM CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star
And we clear call for me
And may I put in no more
Of the bar,
When I pass to sea,
But such a tide as moving comes
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again a shore,
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of
farewell,
When I embark,
For tho' out of our bound
Time and place
The fond may leave me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

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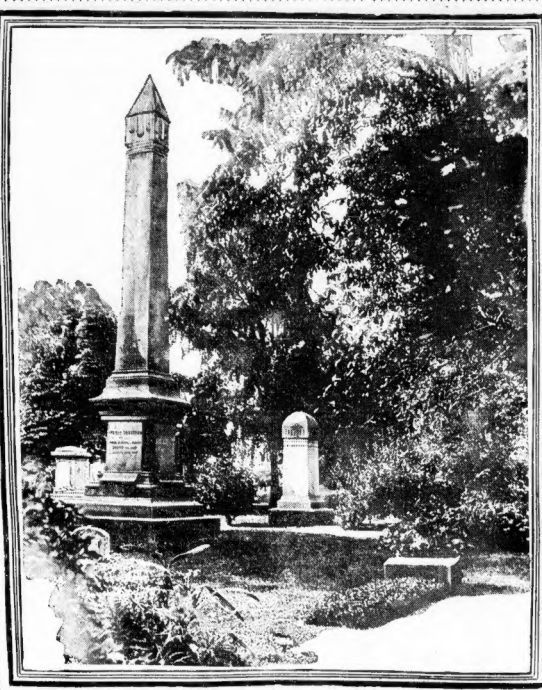
of Commerce and Labor. Mr. Hay, the President's secretary, died at his home in Cleveland, Ohio, at 10:30 p.m. today. He was 67 years of age.

The funeral will be held at 11 a.m. tomorrow at St. Mark's Episcopal church, 1000 Broadway, New York. The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Hook, rector of the church, will officiate. The funeral will be broadcasted by the radio.

Mr. Hay was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on May 14, 1838. He was educated at the University of Michigan and at the Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the bar in 1861 and began his legal career in Cleveland. He was later admitted to the New York bar and practiced law in New York City.

Mr. Hay was appointed secretary of the War Department in 1898 and held that position until 1901. He was then appointed secretary of the Navy and held that position until 1904. He was then appointed secretary of the State Department and held that position until his death.

JOHN HAY MONUMENT IN LAKEVIEW CEMETERY, CLEVELAND.



IN A GRAVEYARD—By John Hay.

In the dew depths of the graveyard
I lie in the tangled grass,
And watch the twilight fall shadowing
On the cold white face of the tomb.

The birds in the rustling branches
Sing gently overhead;
Gray stones, like sculptured spectres,
Are guarding the silent dead.

On me the foggy vapors
Of a heart's first love is shed,
But it falls on my heart as softly
As sunlight on the dead.

TRUTH ABOUT THE MUTINY AT ODESSA

Facts of Trouble Tensely Set Forth in Grapevine News Bulletins.

By Pipe Cable.

ODESSA, July 4. a. m.—The crew of the Black Sea fleet has been ordered to return to their ships. The mutiny has been suppressed. The Russian government has announced that the mutiny was a result of the crew's dissatisfaction with their pay and conditions. The government has promised to improve their pay and conditions.

By Telegram.

ST. PETERSBURG, 5. a. m.—The crew of the Black Sea fleet has been ordered to return to their ships. The mutiny has been suppressed. The Russian government has announced that the mutiny was a result of the crew's dissatisfaction with their pay and conditions. The government has promised to improve their pay and conditions.

WORKINGMEN SHOT DOWN BY TROOPS

Continued From First Page.

The demands of the Potemkin have been complied with as far as possible, but the demands of the sailors of the other ships have not been met. The sailors of the other ships are demanding better pay and conditions. The government has refused to meet their demands. The sailors of the other ships have threatened to join the Potemkin in its revolt.

MUTINY SPREADS TO MERCHANTMEN

ST. PETERSBURG, July 5.—Advice here from Vienna states that the Russian government has announced that the mutiny has spread to the merchantmen. The government has announced that the mutiny is a result of the crew's dissatisfaction with their pay and conditions. The government has promised to improve their pay and conditions.

GOVERNMENT STORY OF ODESSA MUTINY

ST. PETERSBURG, July 5.—Here is the government account of the mutiny at Odessa. The mutiny was a result of the crew's dissatisfaction with their pay and conditions. The government has promised to improve their pay and conditions. The mutiny has been suppressed.

CZAR'S ENVOY FOR PEACE MEETING IS VISITING BOSTON

Baron de Rosen, the Russian ambassador at Washington, and one of the peace plenipotentiaries is at the moment in Boston. He is on his way to London to attend a peace conference. He is expected to arrive in London tomorrow.

LAUNCH AFIRE, 14 ON BOARD

Special to the Boston American.

GLoucester, July 5.—Edward T. Lincoln of Chelsea, a summer resident at Gloucester, has a launch which was destroyed by fire today. The launch was on fire for about an hour before it was extinguished. Fourteen people were on board the launch at the time of the fire. They were all rescued.

ASSAULTED POLICE OFFICER; JAILED

Thomas J. Brown, twenty-eight years old, of South Boston, was arrested today and sentenced to three months in the House of Correction for assaulting a police officer. Brown was arrested after a fight with a police officer in South Boston.

SAMOA DAMAGED BY A HURRICANE

SYDNEY, July 5.—News has reached here that great damage has been done to Samoa by a hurricane. The hurricane struck Samoa on July 3rd and caused widespread destruction.

ROOST NOT LIKELY TO ENTER CABINET

ALLIANCE, Ohio, July 5.—Senator Knox of Pennsylvania has announced that he will not enter the cabinet. He has announced that he will continue to serve as a senator.

200,000 SEE BIG AUTO RACE BOSTON BOUND BOAT AFIRE

Continued From First Page.

From Rochester to Longview, a distance of seven miles, the race was held. The race was won by a car driven by a man named John. The race was a great success.

WOOLEN COMPANY BECOMES BANKRUPT

Alexander A. Graham and William Clark of Adams, manufacturers of woollen goods, have filed a petition in bankruptcy. The company has been unable to pay its debts.

WILSON BROS.

Lenox Chocolates

are a revelation in candy making. Their delicate flavor and creamy richness tell plainer than words that they are far superior to ordinary chocolates. Pure and wholesome, tempting in variety, their real goodness is easily recognized.

If you are fond of chocolates, but particular about the kind, insist upon getting Lenox Chocolates. They are sold in boxes bearing the seal of Neco Sweets. This seal guarantees the candy to be absolutely good, wholesome and safe. When buying candy ask for that with the Neco Sweets seal. All varieties of candy, under this seal, are for sale where the best confectionery is sold.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

Necco Sweets

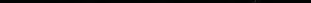
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NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

WIDOW SAYS PANAMA IS A DEATH TRAP

RUBE WADDELL AND LAVE CROSS OF SPEEDY ATHLETICS



HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMIT ST., BOSTON, JULY 5, 1905

The Chick Teaching
the Ducklings
to Eat

The Sad Thing Reminds You of All
the World's Teachers

took the job of teaching newly hatched ducklings how to eat.

The story is absolutely true, to begin with. Mrs. Gardner owns the ducklings and the educational chick. She knows all that can be known about chickens and such animals—how to make them happy, how to make them lay, how to defeat the pip, how to interpret a hen's character.

If Roosevelt could see how she keeps the greedy roosters from getting the milk and bread crumbs intended for the newly hatched chickens, he might protect us against the trusts—that get the prosperity intended by Nature for all of us.

"I'll show you," said Mrs. Gardner, "my first setting of ducks." And, pointing them out—as they waddled in a small enclosure—she added, most justly, "Aren't they lovely?"

They really were lovely. Each little creature was bright yellow. The bodies were fat. The broad bills were busy each second shovelling around in the food. They were strong and square on their queer webbed feet, and as there was no water near them—save a shallow little dish—their mother was happy.

But one odd creature seemed to spoil the landscape. It was a tiny chick, newly hatched, like the ducklings—but not happy, like them.

The poor little chick was wet and greasy and miserable. It looked small and thin beside the fat ducklings. When food was thrown to the brood the chick started to eat—and in a second the fat, yellow, powerful young ducks crowded it away from the feast.

Mrs. Gardner can interpret the thoughts of men as she interprets the thoughts of hens and the predatory plans of roosters.

"Yes," she said, "that poor little chicken has a hard time. But if ever you hatch out a setting of ducks, always put a young chick in among them. That takes away a chick that is hatched by some other hen as the ducklings come out of their eggs, and put the one chick under the hen that has the ducks."

"Many people lose the young ducks hatched out by hens because they don't know enough to put in a chick to teach the ducks how to eat."

"You see, chickens eat one way and ducks eat another way. Chickens pick it up, ducks shovel it up. Besides, it's the nature of a duck to dive down for food at first—and the hen that hatches out ducks knows nothing about that."

"The little ducks, left to themselves, with only a hen to mother them, would try to dive down through the earth. Their food does them no good at first and many of them die."

"But put a chick in, like I do, and it is easy. See how those little ducklings pick at the food in sharp jerks with their fat mouths. They learned that from the chick that I put in to teach them. They learned also from that chick what it means when the mother scratches. A duck does not scratch. So when the hen scratches the young ducks simply get sand in their eyes, unless there is a chick to educate them up to the meaning of the scratching. Always put in a chick with your setting of ducks."

"But it's hard on the chick. The ducklings have her all greasy, as you can see. They push her into the pan of water. They steal the food that she teaches them to eat. They crowd her out from under her mother's feathers. And the hen herself is so proud of her bright yellow ducklings that she pays little attention to the poor chick that's teaching them all how to live under a hen's rule."

"Well, I suppose it's hard on anybody that undertakes to teach others."

Mrs. Gardner—formerly of Mt. Morris, N. Y.—is a good philosopher, as well as the best of authorities on flowers, chickens and all domestic animals.

Her observations leave the editor little to say. You, readers, will say it for yourselves.

It's a hard world for the TEACHER of men, as it is for the teacher of ducklings. He is useful—but the fatter, bigger crowds that learn from him have a pretty poor idea of him.

Contact with the crowds that he must instruct is too much for him. He gets greasy, and he is shoved about sadly—like Mrs. Gardner's educational chick. He is pretty thin, and the world seems as queer to him as he seems to the world.

The man whose business it is to teach other men has as hard a time as that poor little chick with wet feathers, hungry stomach and discouraged air.

Yet the wise teacher of men will accept philosophically the contempt and shoving of the human ducklings around him.

He realizes, to begin with, that the ducklings of this world have not a fair chance. They live under false conditions. They must waddle, when they were meant to swim. They must pick crumbs, when they want to shovel up rich food. They lack swimming room—all their conditions are false.

No wonder they treat ungratefully the person that tries to teach them. No wonder that educational chick dies of the pip and wet feathers, just as the ducklings get fat.

No wonder Galileo is forced to call his truths lies; no wonder Lincoln is shot, Joan of Arc burned, noble Pere Marquette martyred.

"Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne, yet the scaffold guards the future, and behind the great Unknown, stethed God within the shadow keeping watch above His own."

That is the poet's high-down way of telling about Mrs. Gardner's educational chick.

Its sad fate means that next Fall some human beings will eat fat ducklings—without giving any credit to the chick that taught them to get fat.

The martyrs of humanity do the same thing in a bigger way. The future of the world is fatter and happier because they lived, but they get no credit.

P. S.—Mrs. Gardner keeps the roosters from getting the bread crumbs and milk intended for chicks as follows: She fences a small enclosure with poultry wire. The meshes allow the little chicks to enter and eat. The hens and roosters are kept out. The hens soon learn to chuck their chicks up to the enclosure. The roosters learn to look as though they did not LIKE bread crumbs, after butting their heads against the wire a few times.

That is REAL PROTECTION. We have the kind of tariff protection that lets the roosters in and keeps the chicks out—which might be made into another editorial.

THE LID IS OFF

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The Daring, Death-Deying Leap for Life

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Let the Despondent, in Possession of All Their
Senses, Take Inspiration From This Blind Poet

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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SHUT your eyes and hold them with a black cloth for one hour to see how cheerful you can be. Then imagine yourself deprived for life of the light of day.

Perhaps this experiment will make you less rebellious with your present lot.

Then take the little book called "The Blinded Temple and Other Poems," by Edward Doyle, the blind poet of Harlem, and read and wonder and feel ashamed of any mood of distrust of God and discontent with life you have ever indulged.

Mr. Doyle has been blind for the last thirty-seven years; he has lived a half century.

Therefore he still remembers the privilege of seeing God's world when he was a boy, and this must augment rather than ameliorate his sorrow.

He who has never known the use of eyes cannot fully understand the immensity of the loss of sight.

I hear people in possession of all their senses, and with many blessings, bewail the fact that they were ever born. They have missed some aim, failed of some cherished ambition, lost some special joy or been defeated in some purpose.

And so they sit in spiritual darkness and curse life and thank God. But here is a great soul who has found his divine will in the darkness and who sings his wonderful song of joy and gratitude.

Read it, oh, ye weak reprovers, and read it again and again. It is beautiful in thought, perfect in expression and glorious with truth.

Chime, Dark Bell.

My life is in deep darkness; still, I cry,
With joy to my Creator, "It is worth it."

Tremendous words, what instruments would
My trumpet at the accompaniment that I
Was not, and to be—oh, that is why
The awful cover dark in which I dwell
Is touched with joy, and shines a temple
bell.

Chime cheerily, dark bell! there were no more
Than consciousness my gift, this were to
know

The giver (God)—which sums up all the lore
Literary can possibly furnish me—
Chime! for my metal is the metal one
Of the great stars, and marks no wreck
below.

I know a gifted and brilliant man who
is full of charm and wit in conversation,
but the moment he touches a pen he be-
comes, as a rule, a pitifully pessimistic
creature, crying out at the injustice of the world
and the uselessness of his endeavor in
the field of art.

When urged to take a different mental
attitude for the sake of the reading
world, which needs strong tones of hope
and courage, rather than the slow poison
of pessimism, however subtly sweet the
scent, my friend responds that "the
song and dance style of literature is not
"work of the world as I find it."

But in an able-bodied man in the prime
of life, with splendid years waiting on his
threshold to shed him in a new effort,
may wish to climb. But in his mental
world, nothing is really "white."

But Edward Doyle has not sunk "as
the mountain's lion." He is far up the
summit, and he will go higher. He has
found God, and nothing can hinder his
flight. He is an inspiration to all strug-
gling, toiling men.

As I read his book, with its strong
clarity of faith and joy and courage,
and ponder over the carefully phrased
and beautiful lines, I have a new ad-
vance of my own small achieve-
ments and am inspired to new efforts.
Forty and success to you, Edward
Doyle.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embowered with tears.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Little Editorials from the People

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS INTERESTING QUESTION?

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

Chicago has suffered, as is about to enter, upon an experiment in the municipal ownership and operation of her street railways. Boston has just succeeded in forcing from the gas company a reduction in the price of gas. The immediate effect in both of these cities will probably be that the patrons of the street railways in Chicago will pay less money for transportation and that the patrons of the gas companies in Boston will pay less money for light, but what will be the ultimate effect upon the progress of the land in the territory served by the street railways in the one case and by the gas companies in the other case about the whole benefit and a little more, so that the final condition of these persons shall be worse than the first? In other words, isn't the action in both these cases simply taking from one set of

public plunderers to give to another set of public plunderers? If not, why not?

LET'S HEAR WHAT OTHERS THINK ON THIS QUESTION

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

It seems to me a great shame that the poor little city children that visit Franklin and other public parks are not allowed to gather the wild flowers that they all so dearly love. I believe that God made these little flowers for the children, and it seems to me that men take a great deal upon themselves when they forbid the children to gather them as long as they do not meddle with the cultivated ones. I have a few wild violets in Franklin Park ready to hand, and I am sure that I am not alone. I don't believe that this is done right by the children, and would like to hear others' opinions on the subject.

SIR R. McLEAN,
No. 5 Cedar park, Roxbury.

RHYME THE MONK

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The Sad Sea Waves Rise Up and Smite Our Rhyming Friend With All Their Might